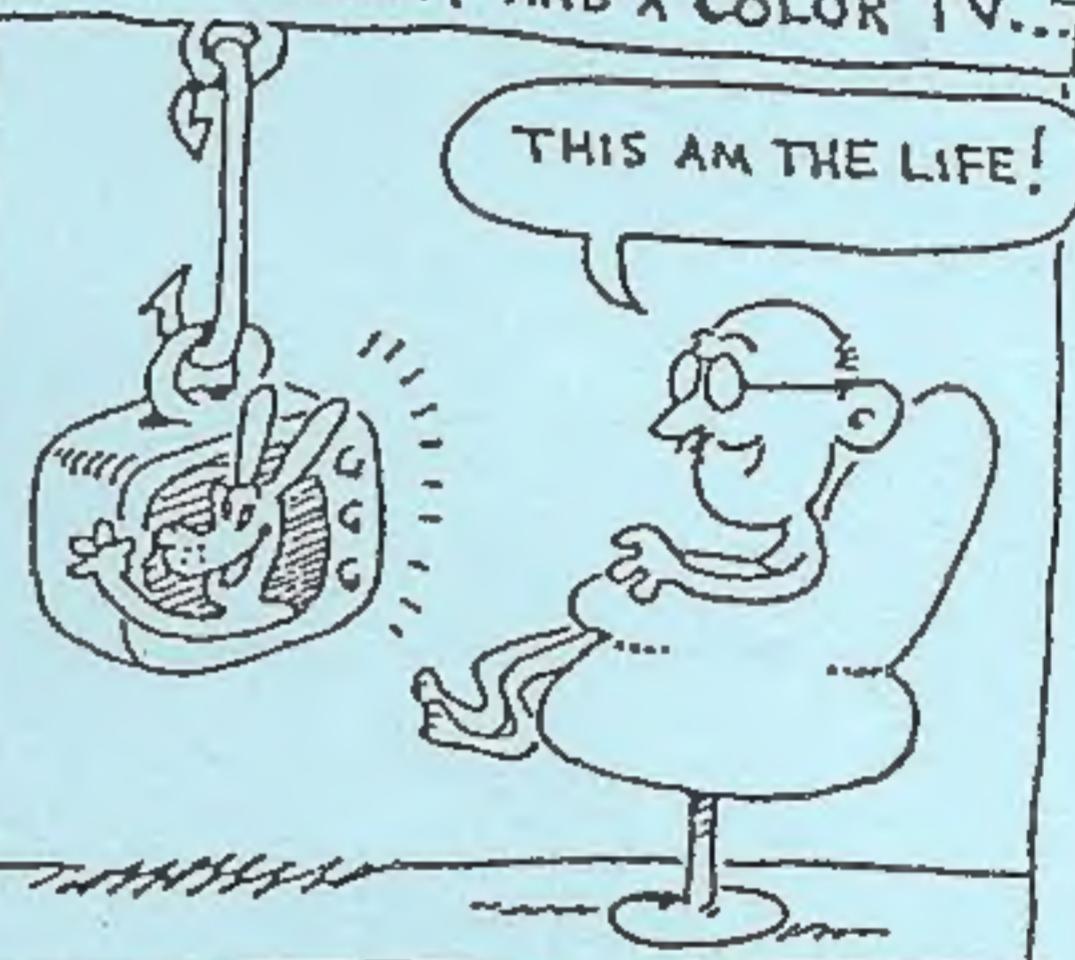




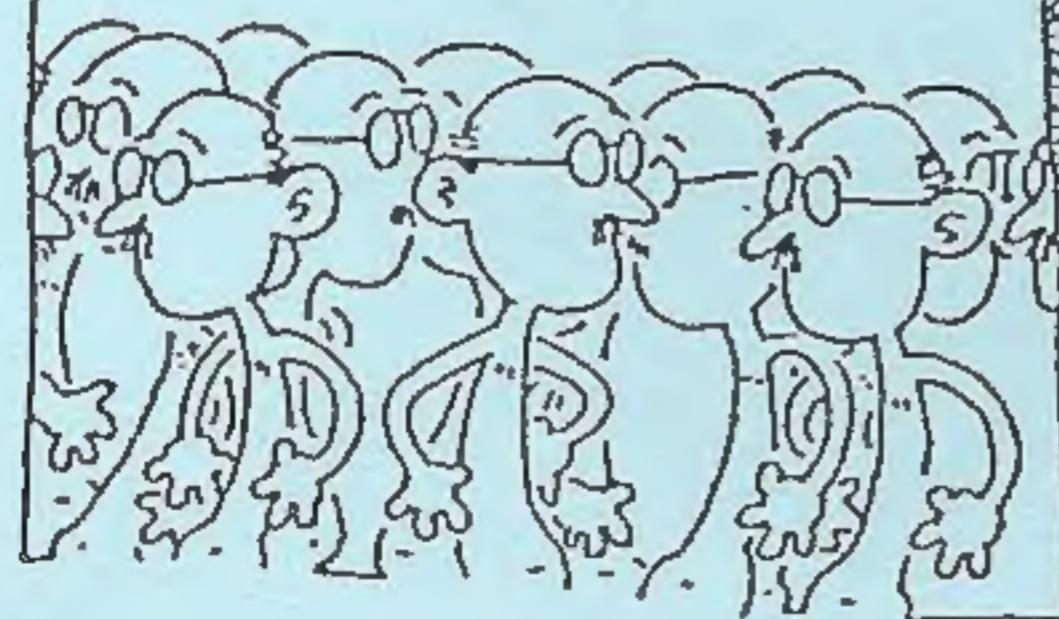
TRUTH TO TELL, HE WAS A WIMP.

LIKE MOST OF US, ALL HE WANTED  
WAS SECURITY AND A COLOR TV...

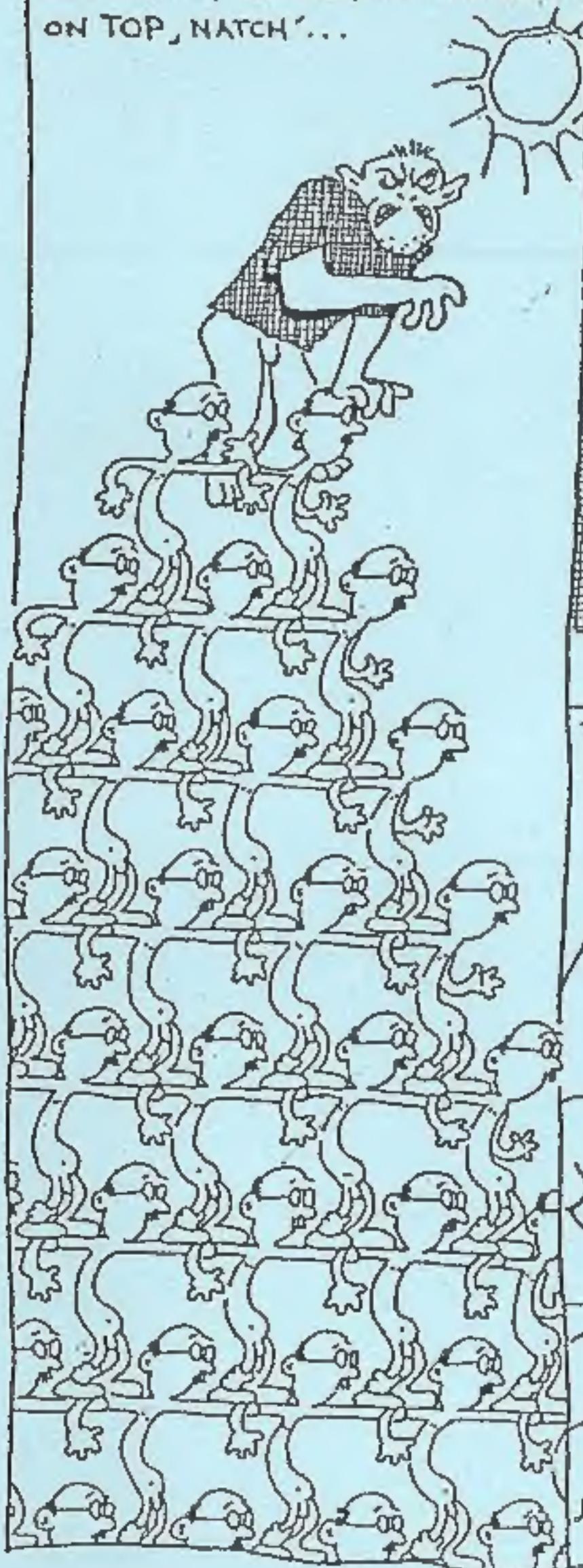


BUT HE LIVED IN A VERY TIGHT  
PLACE WITH LOTS OF OTHER  
WIMPS.

THE TOP BANANA IN THIS VERY TIGHT  
PLACE WAS NOT A WIMP. HE WAS A  
RUTHLESS, BULLYING, MEAN  
BAD ASS BASTARD!! HE ALSO NEVER  
SAID "PLEASE" OR "THANK YOU!"



EVERY DAY HE WOULD ORDER  
ALL THE WIMPS TO FORM A  
HUMAN PYRAMID, WITH HIMSELF  
ON TOP, NATCH'...



AND EVERY DAY HE WOULD TAKE  
A BITE OUT OF THE SUN...



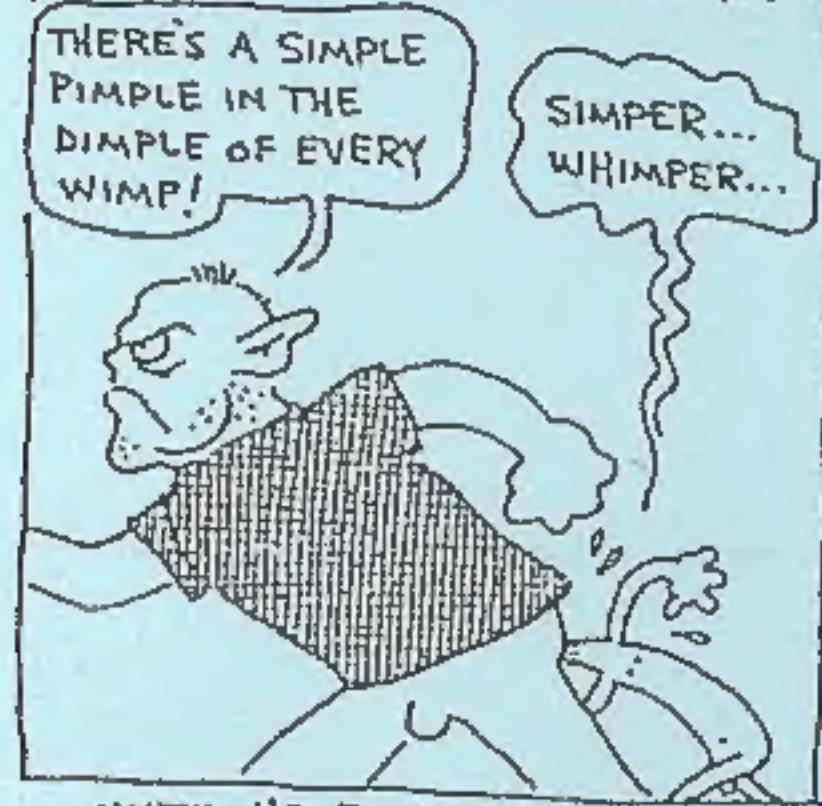
THE WIMPIEST OF THE WIMPS  
WERE AT THE BOTTOM, INCLUDING,  
OF COURSE, OUR WIMP...



ONE DAY HE GOT TIRED OF IT, SO IT STARTED BY BEING AN ASS-KISSE...



...AND THEN A TOTAL SHITHEAD!



...UNTIL HE FINALLY BECAME NOT ONLY THE MOUTHPIECE, BUT THE VOICE ITSELF!



...THEN A BROWN-NOSE...



EVERY DAY HE PROGRESSED UP THE LADDER...



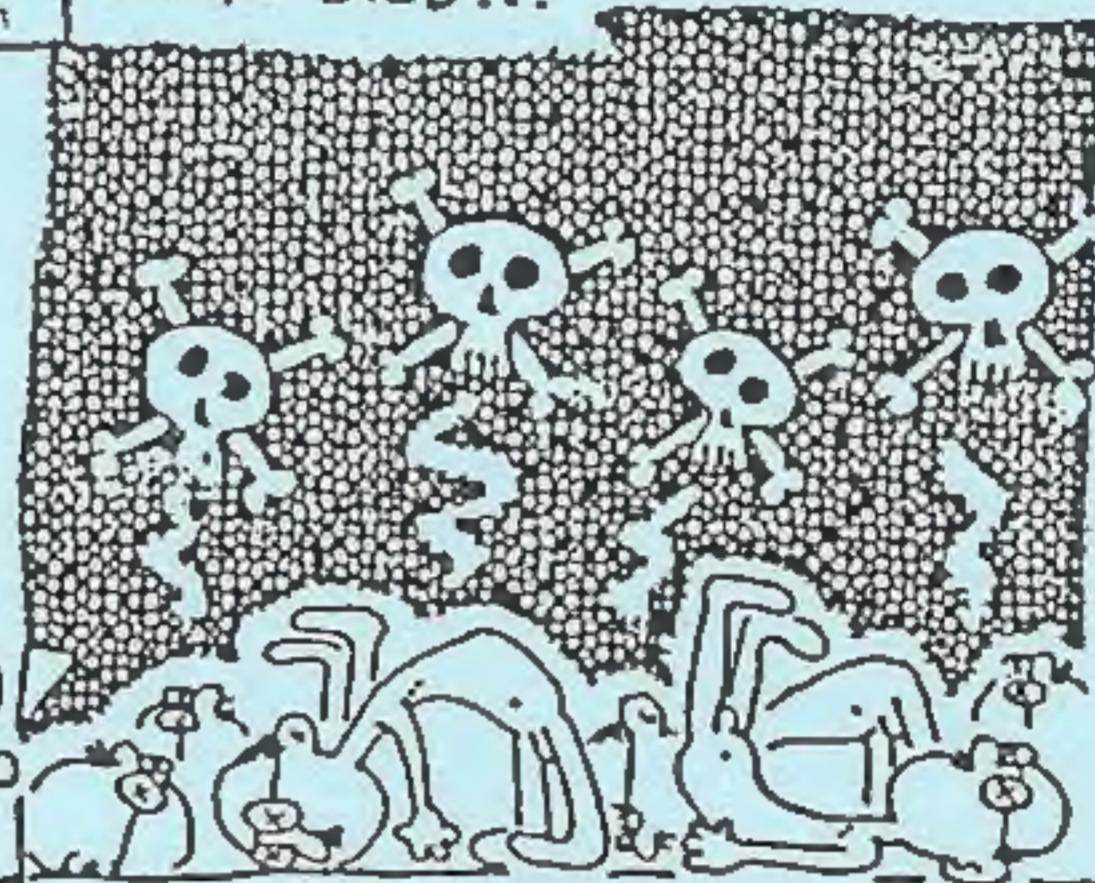
...SHEDDING THE SKIN, SKINNING THE HEADS OF THE WIMPS AS HE CLIMBS TO THE SUN...



GREEDHEAD HE WAS, FRENETICALLY FEEDING HIS FACE WITH THE FIERY SUN, EATING THE WHOLE SHEBANG ...



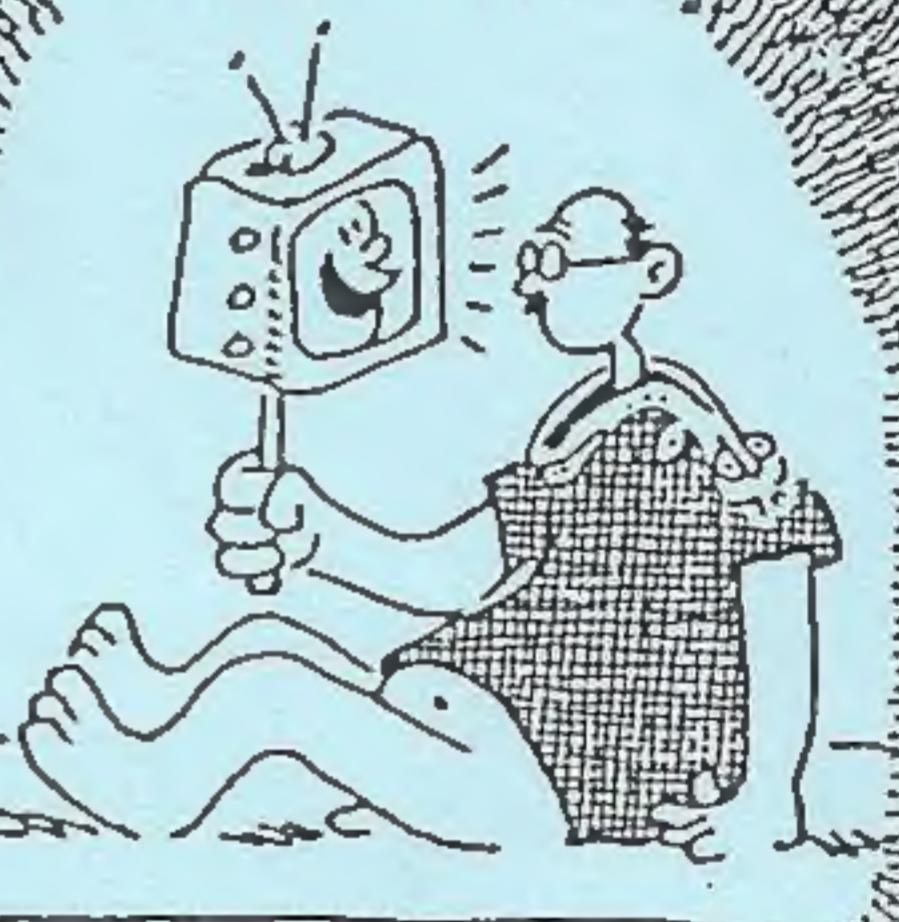
THE TIGHT PLACE WAS FILLED WITH DARKNESS. ALL THE WIMPS DIED...



BUT OUR WIMP LIVED ON. THE SUN IN HIS BELLY GAVE HIM AN UGLY ULCER...



... ALL HE DID WAS SIT AROUND AND WATCH COLOR TV...



... AND DEEP DOWN HE KNEW... HE WAS STILL... A WIMP.

